

A *Belated*
S E R M O N,
Preached at the Solemnity of the
F U N E R A L
O F

Mrs. DOROTHY St. JOHN,
Fourth Daughter of the late
Sir *Oliver St. John*, Knight and Baronet,
of *Woodford* in *Northamptonshire*.

In the Parish Church of *St. Martins in the Fields*,
on the 24th of *June*, 1677.

B Y
ANTHONY HORNECK,
Preacher at the Savoy.
(Claim to the Burial of Anthony Horneck.)

Published at the desire of her Relations:

L O N D O N,
Printed for *James Collins*, in the *Temple Passage*
from *Essex Street*, MDCLXXVII.



Imprimatur,

Julii 26.
1677.

*Guil. Sill, R. P D. Episc. Lond.
a Sac. Dom.*



TO THE
HONORABLE
THE
LADY BARBARA St JOHN.

MADAM,

UPon Your Request I have adventured to appear in Publick, and expos'd that to common view, which I thought would never have gone farther than my Study. Not to have yielded to your desires had been uncivility; and though I am sensible of the weakness of the Discourse, yet to pleasure you, I have resolv'd to deny my self in that thing we call Credit and Reputation; the rather because in this Sermon I have prov'd it to be Vanity. The Text was of your Daughters choosing; whether she regarded the sound more than the sense, I will not enquire; but as the different sentiments of Divines about this passage, have allow'd it a place in the Catalogue of the sublimer mysteries of the Gospel; So if I had had more time to view and correct my Comment, it might have come abroad more polish'd, and fitted more to the palate of the Age. What nicer men would have made the Scene of curious Speculations, I have endeavour'd to make as practical as I can, being sensible that our work is to convert Souls, not to paint them. In an Age so loose as ours, so full of Vanity and Sin, we had need be very serious and earnest with men to come away from these

Lect.

The Epistle.

Idols, to serve the Living God, and as this shall be my sincere endeavour, while the Great Master of my Life is pleas'd to continue me in the station I am in ; So if I can contribute any thing, either to your Ladyships, or your Relations Spiritual Advantage and Edification, it will be no small Satisfaction to

M A D A M,

Your LADYSHIPS

Most Humble Servant,

ANTHONY HORNECK.

Rom. viii. 20.

For the Creature was made subject unto Vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him, who subjected it unto the same in hope.



THE *Supra*, or things hard to be understood in this ^{2 Pet. 3. 16.} Epistle, would almost justify a Man's wish, for St. Paul's return to this valley of Tears, to explain them. As this Epistle hath occasion'd more differences in the World, than any other Book of Scripture: So we seem to want some heavenly Interpreter, more *infallible* than St. Peter's pretended Successor at Rome, to compose them; and yet I cannot deny, but that by Prayer, and industry, and assiduous reading, and laying aside partiality, and prejudice, and superstitious reverence to our education, and by attending to the scope and drift of the Writer, and the circumstances he then was in, and the controversies that vex'd the Church in that age; the mind of the Holy Ghost, though not in every particular, yet in most things may be known to our comfort and satisfaction.

In this Chapter the Apostle partly *directs* the Roman Christians, and partly *comforts* them, shews them their *duty*, and their *cordial*; lets them see how they must be qualified, if they claim an interest in Christ Jesus, and how much God is concern'd in the midst of all their afflictions, and persecutions.

In his directions which reach from the 1. to the 16. v. he acquaints them, That if they lay hold on the love and favour, and merits of Christ Jesus, they must mind spiritual things more than temporal, change their byass, and the spirit of God must be predominant in their souls, govern their inward man, make all their passions stoop, and all their desires bow to his command.

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In his comforts he is ever stately and magnificent, and doth as it were empty Heaven, to bring the Blessed *Trinity*, and all the treasures of that Glory down into their souls, and having mention'd Heavens glory, the reward of all troubled and weary souls; he knows not how to be large and copious enough upon so rich, so illustrious a Subject: And therefore by way of a *Prosopopæa* or Figure, whereby we ascribe actions and postures of rational Creatures to things either inanimate, or sensitive, he brings in the whole Creation longing for that glory, as if the universe sympathiz'd with all the suffering servants of God, and together with them breath'd after that splendid manifestation of God's power, and majesty, *v. 19. For the earnest expectation of the Creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God*; and because the more curious among the Christians, he writes to, might ask how Creatures corruptible and vain come to pant after that glorious day, he in my Text lets them know that it is the great Commander of Heaven and Earth, that hath so ordered it, and intends to bring Light out of that Darkness, and make that vanity they are subject to, subservient to their future perfection.

For the Creature was made subject unto vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him, who subjected it unto the same in hope.

In which words we find, 1. A peremptory assertion of a signal change made in the Creature. *The Creature was made subject unto vanity.* 2. The manner of this change, or rather the cause of it. *Not willingly, but by reason of him, who subjected it unto the same.* 3. Something which qualifies and mitigates that change, or vanity. *It is subjected in hope, and of these in order.*

I. A signal change made in the Creature.

The Creature was made subject unto vanity. There is hardly any word in Holy Writ, that Expositors have toiled more to find out the meaning of, than that of *Creature* in the Text. Not to mention, that some by it have understood Mankind in general, others the Christian World, others the Blessed Angels, who minister unto those that shall be heirs of Salvation; some eminent men of late have undertaken to make out, that the Apostle means

means the *Gentiles*, or *Heathens*, which were to be brought over to the Christian Faith. But if we admit of this sense, it must follow, that the Apostle in the foregoing Verse, where he begins to speak of the *Creature*, falls abruptly upon a new subject, which seems altogether improbable, that verse being join'd by the particle *FOR* to v. 18. in which we have him comforting the afflicted Christian with that glory, which ere long should be revealed in him, and then immediately it follows, *the earnest expectation of the Creature, &c.* So that what is said v. 19. and in my Text, must have relation to the same subject he had spoke of v. 18. and if by the *Creature* we understand all creatures in this visible World, in a word, Heaven and Earth, and the things that are therein, the coherence is elegant, and the sense perfect, easie, and natural; and it is an argument, *à minori ad majus*, from the less to the greater: If the whole Creation hopes to be delivered from her bondage and oppression, you may with far greater reason both look for a happy deliverance and comfort your selves with the thoughts of it.

And indeed, he will soon be convinced, that *the Creature was made subject unto vanity*, that shall observe how much its gloss, and beauty decay'd after the fall of *Adam*; how the Earth, that before was a stranger to all noxious herbs and plants, brought forth *Thistles and thorns* now; how her former fertility was lost in a dismal barrenness, and the ground that before required no labour, would yield little now, but what Men forced and squeezed out of it by the sweat of their brows; how the Blessing that enrich'd and adorn'd it before, expir'd into a Curse; and Nature, which before knew no poison, no enmity to Man, degenerated now into Hostility, and from a friend became a foe; how her former lovely face is all disfigured with spots and freckles now, and that which was all *charm* to a rational soul before, is now become an object, which few wise men, indeed none but fools delight in; how the Heavens which before dispens'd their kindly influences to Man, and seem'd to be proud of the employment, soon after became Gods *Arsenal*, from whence he sometimes fetches water to *drown*, as he did the first World, sometimes

fire to *consume*, as he did *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, sometimes hail-stones to *kill*, as he did the *Amorites*, sometimes winds to *overturn*, as he did *Job's* houses ; how the Creatures which were commission'd only to feed, and cherish man, are now very ordinarily made use of to punish him, and they that before served him for the noblest uses in his integrity, at the best do now relieve him in his misery ; how the Creatures, which before did reverently observe and bow to him, do now as often seize on him, as if Nature were inverted, and they had got the dominion over him, whose primitive right it was to have dominion over every living thing that moves upon the Earth ; and how many things, which before might have made him truly happy, serve only now to make him an object of scorn to God and his holy Angels. So much of this change.

II. The manner of the change, or rather the cause of it. *Not willingly, but by reason of him that subjected it unto the same.* Men and the Apostate Angels indeed were made subject to vanity with their own consent, and their own wilfulness lost them that glory they once enjoy'd ; but the other creatures in a manner against their will, because it was not for any fault of their own, but for Man's sin that God doomed them to their vanity ; *Cursed be the Earth for thy sake* (saith God to Adam) *Gen. 3. 17.* And that no man may think it strange that the curse of God should light on things innocent and incapable of sinning, we must remember that God in punishing the creatures with their vanity, punished Man himself for whose use and service chiefly they were created ; as a Magistrate that confiscates the offenders goods, inflicts Justice on the offender, and puts him in mind of the error he hath committed, and of the injury he hath done to the publick : So that he that hath subjected the Creature unto vanity, is God, by whose just sentence it came to pass, that the Creatures all glorious before, became suitable to Man's corrupt and miserable condition, and were permitted to be stings and thorns in his side, and so far from yielding true content and satisfaction, that they ordinarily lead to trouble and vexation of spirit.

I will not here enlarge upon *Adam's* sin, nor shew you what unbelief, what pride, what contumacy, what ingratitude, what want of love, what Apostacy may be discover'd in it. We may be confident, God had reason for what he did, and that he saw the *crimson dye* of the transgression, which made him issue out this order, that upon this Great Princes fall, the whole Creation should go into Mourning.

III. That which in a great measure qualifies and mitigates this Vanity, the Creature hath been suffer'd to sink into, is this; That it is *subjected in hope*. God hath as it were endow'd the Creatures our eyes behold with hopes of their restitution to their pristine beauty, usefulness and glory; *For according to his promise we look for new Heavens and a new Earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness, the old Heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the Elements shall melt with fervent heat; the old Earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up, 2 Pet. 3. 10. 13.* Thus the Creature will one day undergo a kind of Glorification and participate of the splendor which shall encircle all righteous and sanctified souls; and as Gold in the fire is refin'd, it's dross purged away and comes out more splendid than it was before: So the World that now lies under corruption, purified by that future fire, will put on a face more pleasant and beautiful than now it hath; and let no man scoff at this assertion under a pretence that the Earth at that time will be of no use, for good men will be in Heaven, and the wicked in Hell, and consequently the Earth will have no need of Renovation; for can any man be so irrational as to think that there is no use of the Creature, but what consists in eating and drinking and sensual pleasure? And though I will not say with *Tertullian*, who favours the *Millenary* opinion, that the new Heavens and the new Earth will be *in compensationem eorum, quæ in seculo vel despeximus, vel amisimus*, to make amends for what we have either lost or despis'd in this World; yet how are we sure that the glorified Saints shall be so confined to that place we strictly call Heaven, as not to descend upon this glorified Earth, which for ought we know will be fill'd with God's glory in a manner as much as Heaven, and will

*Tertull. lib. 3.
adv. Marc.*

will together with Heaven, make one great Theatre of blifs and happinefs? And who knows but thefe triumphant Saints, as at that time they'll know things perfectly, and fee through a glafs no more, are to read the wifdom, and goodnefs, and bounty of the Great Creator in the feveral Creatures that fhall adorn that new World? And this is that ἀποκατάστασις πάντων, that reftitution of all things, foretold of all the Holy Prophets fince the World began, mention'd *Act. 3. 21*

That this ftately Fabrick of the World is to be at laft confumed by fire, and whatever we fee before us to be loft in an univerfal Conflagration, is not only the import of the Apostles difcourse here, but hath been the opinion of the moft ancient Heathen Philofophers, *Pythagoras*, *Heraclitus*, *Zeno*, and of all the *Stoicks*, who therefore talk'd much of an ἐμπύρωσις, and feem to have receiv'd it by an immemorial tradition from *Adam* himfelf; who as *Josephus* tells us, Prophefied that the World fhould once be drown'd by Water, and another time destroy'd by Fire. And this conflagration whereby the World fhall be renew'd and reftituted into its primitive fplendor; all the Creatures groan for, and travel as it were in pain together until now: to ufe the Apostles phrafe *v. 22.* with hopes to be deliver'd from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the Children of God.

Thus far the fenfe of the words, which fenfe I do the rather pitch upon, becaufe both Ancient and Modern Divines, fome few only excepted, agree in't. And now what fubject of difcourse can be fitter for this prefent occafion, than *THE VANITY OF THE CREATURE*.

Can we fee a curious Fabrick here all broke to pieces, and a Creature that was made a little lower than the Angels, cut off before half her race was run, and tumbling down as ſhe was going up the Hill, and forbear crying out with *Solomon*, *Vanity of vanities, all is vanity?*

There are few men that pretend either to fenfe or reafon, but will freely acknowledg the vanity of all fablunary Objects, and yet to fee them dote on things, which by their own confeffion are fickly, inconstant, and unfatisfactory; to fee them hug this Vanity,

nity, as if it were Mount *Sion*, which shall never be moved; as if it were the *rock of ages*, against which the gates of Hell shall not be able to prevail, would make any contemplative man bless himself, and wonder

— *Quis demon subiens prœcordia flammam
Concitât, & raptam tollit de cardine mentem:*

What evil spirit makes them act contrary to those convictions, cross those principles, give themselves the lie, and love such contradictions. But it's no new thing to speak well, and to act ill, and to make a learned Harangue of the emptyness and weakness of things below, while the affections are so set upon the World, that you had as good attempt to move the *Pyramids of Egypt* out of their places, as hope to disentangle the heart from these bryars and thorns.

The great *Idols* of this Earth, Riches, Honors, Pleasures, Life, Health, Children, &c. which the World adores with preposterous Devotion, alas! what are they all but vanity in grain?

I. Riches, when the Magnificent *Cræsus* sat upon his Throne, deck'd with beaten Gold, adorn'd with a thousand Jewels and precious Stones, he had the curiosity to ask *Solon*, whether he had ever seen a more glorious sight? Yes *Sir*, saith *Solon*, for I have seen Hens and Pheasants, and Partridges more gloriously array'd than you. The Philosopher saw the vanity of all this wealth and cost, and laugh'd at it. The covetous man indeed, that *Son of the Earth*, sees with other eyes, and cannot think himself solidly happy, except he swims in Wealth: This is it engrosses the secret wishes of his mind, and to have as much as other men, is that his soul doth chiefly long for: So have I heard a man in a Feavor wish for a cup of cold water, which when he hath obtain'd, hath prov'd his death and ruine. What happiness doth the wretch fancy in a little shining clay! He sees no vanity in great Possessions, and he thinks that man liv'd like a God, that could say, *I will pull down my Barns and build greater, and there I will bestow all my fruits and my goods:* What ever other men think of *Nabal*, he commends him, and calls that living like himself, when he scrapes what wealth he can together to feed his appetite and luxury.

LUC. 12. 17. 1

Have

Matth. 23. 27.

Have not you read of whited Sepulchers, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead mens bones, and of all uncleanness? So here there is a veil drawn over this glittering dust, and the veil is painted and gaudy, and takes the eye; but that man which hath courage to lift it up and to see what is underneath, will quickly find that these are things, which to day caress their favourite, and to morrow make themselves wings and flee away; and that they can neither *preserve the Body* from disasters, for in despite of all my Treasures Lightning from Heaven may strikethrough my sides and kill me, and Vapours of the Earth may infect my spirits and blow my life away, and sickness may breed in my bones and rack me; nor *afford any real content* to the Soul, for when I see a *Judas* tremble with his purse full of money, and *Gebazi* walk in fear while he brings home his talents of Silver, and an *Alexander* in the midst of all his opulency dissatisfied and torured with Ambition, and *Belsazzar* with all his Golden cups about him, grow pale as Ashes, and quake at the sight of the fatal hand; when I see how their outward plenty entices men to that which will undo them, and how strong a temptation it proves to run away from him who is the proper center of their Souls; how it doth teach men to sin, and fills their carnal minds with cares, and carkings, and anxieties, makes Man, the noblest work of the Creation, a slave to Dust; dethrones his reason, thrusts him into Vassallage, and transforms that part which is like to Angels, into a beast, and consequently prepares him for shame and confusion in the end, and by degrees breeds in him the *Worm that dies* not: What name, what title can I bestow upon it, but that of the Apostle, *Deceitful riches, which lead men into snares, and drown them in destruction and perdition*, 1 Tim. 6. 9. Not but that out of this *Mercury*, a wholesom Medicine may be drawn, and men may *lay up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on Eternall life*; But where one prepares an *Elixir* of it, thousands makes nothing of it, but *sublimate*, so strong a Poyson, as doth not only kill the body, but lays force on the soul, makes it sick to death, and which is strange, for

morte

Τὸν πλάσσειν
 ἡμαθὴν περὶ
 βατον εἰς
 χερυσιμαλλον.
 Diog. Laert.
 lib. 6. de Diog.

morte carent anima, murder that part, which the great Creator hath blessed with immortality.

II. *Honour*. What a stir do men make about greatness and reputation in the world, and what is it all but the breath of dying men! He that sees the ambitious clamber that Mountain, as if it were the *Hill of God*, and there lay the way to Heaven, would wonder what the man means to labour so hard, when in good truth he only leaps to catch an *atom* tumbling and playing in a Sun-beam. He stands on firm ground, and nothing will serve him but a *slippery place*, from whence the least frown of a *Monarch* throws him down. *Consul Bibulus* surrounded with Acclamations and *Euge's* knows not where he is, whether he is riding in his Chariot, or treading air: But see the sad reverse which waits on humane triumphs, while his fond thoughts and the numerous multitude, with their praises, swell him above himself, a *Tilestone* falling accidentally from a house, puts an end to his life and all his glories together before he can reach the Capitol. *Sejanus* is honored like a God to day, to morrow kick'd by Scullions and Serving-men. *Belisarius* that commands an Army this year, the next is forced to cry *Date obolum Belisario*, *Pray remember the poor*. It was therefore ingeniously said by one of the Royal slaves that drew *Sesostris* his triumphing Chariot; when the King asked him why he look'd back so often upon the Wheels; That he could not but with a great deal of pleasure observe how that spoke which was uppermost now, was lowermost by and by, giving the haughty Tyrant to understand that he who wears a Crown to day, may handle a Spade to morrow.

Where are the mighty Honorable men, who have made whole Nations tremble, and shook the habitable World into subjection? Was their dignity able to preserve them from the burning Lake, or hath Vengeance been afraid to fling them into Hell, because they were clad with Silk and Purple? So airy, so transitory a thing must needs be vanity, and to build upon't, is to make a nest on the waves of the Sea, which the least angry Billow shatters into nothing. What signifies a Chair of State while the

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De 300 Stat-
tuis Demetrio
Phaleri nulla
corrupt arug
aut situs, sed
omnes viventi
ipso eversa
sunt. Dema-
dis statue con-
state sunt in-
matulas. Pla-
tarch. de Reis
Ger. præc.

tick rages in my bowels ! Or what ease can my soul find by the bowing of a thousand knees, while my own must bow to pain and anguish ! And indeed the greatest Emperor makes no better dust than the meanest slave, and in the Grave it's impossible for *Menippus* to tell the Son of *Jupiter* which was the *Potter* and which the lofty *Macedonian Hero*.

Honor ! This is the Goddess to which *Hecatombs* are offered, and most of the Wars and battles that are fought, are but to vindicate her cause. This is it that tempts *the man of birth* to sacrifice himself, and estate, and family ; and if his credit be sullied never so little, to wash away the stain with his neighbours blood ; and he that can see with what care and trouble popular applause and a *changeable Princes* favour is acquired, with what fear it's kept, what enemies it raises, what dangers it precipitates it's Clients into, and how it causes them to prefer a *punctilio* of Honor before all the Laws of Heaven, and a great man's smiles before the courtships of the Blessed Trinity, and makes them careless of that *incorruptela superindumentum*, the *Carthaginian* Father speaks of, *i. e.* of being cloathed upon with their house from Heaven, and regardless of that splendor and Kingdom, which the mighty Rewarder of them that diligently seek him, hath to bestow on those that obey him more than men. He I say, that can see all this, and fancy real and solid Bliss in these *Castles of air*, must have a heart of lead, a soul altogether immerst in sense, drown'd in sensuality ; and it may more truly be said of him, than of the man in the Gospel, that travell'd from *Jerusalem* to *Jericho*, *that he is fallen among robbers*, who have plunder'd him of his reason.

III. *Pleasure*. There is indeed a pleasure which arises from a serious and conscientious discharge of our duty to God and Man, which hath nothing of vanity in it, for it is a *foretaste* of Heaven, a *glimpse* of Paradise, and a *preface* to those joys which no eye hath seen, no ear hath heard, no heart hath conceived. This pleasure makes us men and partakers of the Divine Nature. This is the *water of life*, whereof whoever drinks, shall never thirst again after *broken cisterns* which can hold no water.

This

This pleasure hath substance in it, and the soul moves then in her own proper element, when bathing in rivers of such delight. This pleasure drops from above, and is restless till it mingles again with those Celestial joys, from which treasury it's sent into the soul. But the pleasure which we condemn as vain, consists in gratifying the flesh in all its extravagant wishes and desires. This is the sensual man's darling, and he despairs of any satisfaction except he can crown his days with *Rosebuds*, and walk in *the way of his heart*, and in *the sight of his eyes*, and *fan his senses*, and give them that liberty and elbow-room they crave : So the Great *Solomon* thought, and tryed it, but found by sad experience that this was the way to the *chambers of Death*, *Prov. 7. 27.*

Pleasure, like the Harlot spoken of *v. 13.* catches the heedless Youngster, and kisses him, and with an impudent face, says unto him, *I have deck'd my bed with coverings of Tapestry, with carved Works, with fine linnen of Egypt; I have perfumed my bed with Myrrh, Aloes, and Cinnamon. Come let us take our fill of Love until the morning; let us solace our selves with Loves, for the good man is not at home, he is gone a long journey; he hath taken a bag of money, and will come home at the day appointed. With her much fair speech she causes him to yield, with the flattering of her lips she forces him: He goes after her straightway, as an Ox goes to the slaughter, or as a Fool to the correction of the Stocks, till a dart strike through his liver; as a Bird hasteth to the snare, not knowing that it is for life.* Like a fatal pit which some spreading flowers have cover'd and hid from the eyes of the unwary passenger, it tempts, but kills, laughs upon you, but gripes, invites, but betrays; it never offers honey without a sting; and if it courts the weak sinner with milk and butter in a Lordly dish, it is but to strike a nail into his Temples, and to mingle that milk with his blood. The Wine it presents him with, is to bite him like a Serpent, and when it shews him the blood of the Grapes in a Crystal glass, the intent is to sting him like an Adder, *Prov. 22. 31, 32.*

What are these sensual delights but burthens to a rational soul ! Beasts have greater enjoyment of them than we. The mo-

Η δὲ δολὰ
αὶ ἀπὸ θανάτου
πολλὰ κίβηται
τὰν κινῶν
πρὸς τὴν προ-
σαίνασιν ἐξ
ἐπιστροφῆς αὐ-
τῶν ἐδάκρυον
Philos.

disfr Gallant that courts them, and obtains his desires, too often like *Aëdon*, is devoured by his own Hounds, and the Roses he smells to leave nothing but pricks behind them to wound and tear his conscience; And like *Phalaris* that *dangerous Host*, when they have feasted him, they torture him, fill him with Infamy and Diseases, with pain and poverty; and he that went joyful out comes mourning home, and is ready to curse the day that he listen'd to these deceitful *Sirens*, which did but *sing*, first to lull him asleep and then to *poison* him; like *Dalila*, flatter'd him, that his strength might depart from him, and as *Judith* did *Holofernes*, made him drunk, the better to exercise their cruelty upon him.

Hannibal (a) that could not be overcome by *arms*, is overcome by *pleasure*; and he whom all the *Roman* forces could not weaken, is made feeble by *luxury*. By this *Rome* it self fell; and long before, the *Macedonian Empire* perish'd. This is it hath ruin'd Kingdoms; destroy'd the most flourishing Monarchies; and foreign enemies have not done them so much harm as this inward and homebred *adversary*. *Ælian* (b) tells a strange story of his *Pardalis*, a beast of a sweet scent, but dreadful shape; and as the one attracts company, so the other frights them. Therefore to get prey to feed on, she retires to a place which Nature hath adorn'd with trees and bushes; and there covers her self with leaves, so that her scent is only perceiv'd; but her body remains unseen. The wild Goats and such other creatures ranging in the Wood, and delighted with the rich Perfume, approach, and now outleaps the mighty Murderer, and leads the captive wretches in Triumph home.

Whether *St. Chrysostome's Libyan* Monster be a *fable* or no, I will not dispute, the moral I am sure cannot be improper for our purpose. This Creature he represents to be of a shape partly Humane, partly Serpentine: The upper part of its Body like a Woman, its face beautiful, its skin white, its breasts large, a strange liveliness and briskness in its eyes; but the the lower part full of Scales, and rough, ugly, and intractable, and its Tail like that of a Viper, swift and running very fast, having no voice but that of a hiss, laying force on all Animals it meets withal, except Man,

Voluptas bonum pecoris est senec.

(a) *campana luxuria perquam utilis civitati nostrae fuit. Invidium enim avensis Hannibalem, illecebris vis complexa, incendium Romano militi tribuit. Val. Max. lib. 9.*

(b) *Ælian. lib. 5. de Animal. c. 40.*

Man, whom alone it deceives by guile and cunning; for to him it threatens no danger, makes no noise, fixes its eyes with some modesty on the ground, now and then looks up to allure Man into its embraces, and if any be so ignorant as to come near and handle it, it then leaps upon his back, and shoots its poison through his bowels, and when he falls the rest of its companions come all out of their dens and help to devour so fair a prey.

The application of these passages is easie enough, and who sees not that sensual pleasure is that *Panther* and that *Dragon*, that in the end destroys the fond man, that is either delighted with its *smell*, or with its glorious *outside*. And here I remember what the noble *Plutarch* saith, Pleasure (he means that pleasure which Lust and Luxury affords) is a Brute, but not a Savage one; It tears indeed like a wild one, but doth not seem to be so; Did it appear in its proper colours, it would be shun'd as Bears and Lyons; and there would be no difficulty in catching and killing of it; but coming in the habit of a friend, it doth both hurt and cheat, murders by adulation, and while it pretends to give *liberty*, makes a *prisoner* of the man; and enslaves him to a Prodigy, the man doth not so much *buy* Pleasure as *sell* himself to it; and his reason is turn'd out into *exile*; and he is banish'd from *himself*, for it makes him venture upon the basest, most childish, most sneaking, and most impertinent actions, things below a man, and below those excellent faculties he is endow'd withal, and like some *ill natured Physician*, gives a pleasant Potion and cures him for the present, keeps up his spirits, and supports him, that he may abuse his body more, and venture upon new diseases.

Xerxes knew what he did when he forbade the *Babylonians* the use of *arms*, and permitted them to give themselves over to *Wine* and *Women*, and all manner of luxury. He was sensible this would emasculate their vertue and make them objects of Scorn, who once had made the most puissant Monarchs tremble. Indeed this is it which *dissolves* courage and makes the greatest valour melt into cowardice. It debases a *Sardanapalus* to a *spindle*, and roots out all *sense* of greatness and ingenuity: Whatever conceits men have of it, in the end it leaves them miserable, and instead

Max. Tyrius
Dissert. 21.

Strab.
lib. 12.

stead of *pity*, their neighbors cannot but laugh at them, as much as the World did at the attempts of that Prince, who tired with variety of pleasures at Land, had a mind to try their sweetness in a more unruly Element, the *sea*. A Ship is built, liker a *Palace* than a *Vessel*; Here are erected Chambers for himself, there Apartments for his Concubines, a Garden is planted too, set out with Aromatick trees and herbs, no splendor is wanting, no cost spared, all the rooms dazle the Spectators eyes with the Gold that glistened there; The *Egyptians* admire it, all are ambitious to go aboard of it; The mighty Vessel being launched, the King enters, and while the Calm lasted, nothing could appear more glorious; But a boisterous wind soon turns that calm into a tempest, and now the vast bulk sinks, and the World seems to suffer shipwrack; So that it may be truly said of Pleasure what was said of the Honey that was given to *Pompey's* Souldiers; it drives men into madness, and what they intended for their *Cordial*, proves their *Death*, and that which they hoped would have refreshed them, doth but *intoxicate* them, and the *sweetness* turns into *Gall and Wormwood*.

Vid. Trigan.
Com. de
Exped. apud
Sinas. Et Mar-
tin. Hist. Sin.
lib. 8.

IV. *Life*. This hath in all ages been counted so *vain* a thing, that wise men have been at a loss for words to express its *vanity*. A *shadow*, a *dream*, a *bubble*, a *tragedy*, a *wheel*, a *vapour* have been thought *Epithets* too great for it; and therefore some have adventured to call it *nothing*. I confess I cannot but smile when I find what admirers of long life the *Chineses* are, and what pains they take to preserve themselves here on Earth from mortality. It's pleasant to read how one of their Kings being by some *Im- postor* promised a cup of Liquor to make him immortal, would by no means be discouraged from his strong persuasion, that upon the drinking of it he should certainly be freed from death for ever, till a friend of his more, wise than he, snatched the cup from the place where it stood, and drank it off. The King mightily incens'd at the insolence, immediately drew his Sword to kill him, to whom the Gentleman wittily replied: *Either upon the drinking of this Liquor, I am immortal, or I am not; If I am, then in vain do you attempt to kill me; if I am not, you have reason*

reason to thank me because I have deliver'd you from a cheat. Which answer pacified the King, and made him commend his friends prudence and fidelity.

Yet, it seems, so bewitching a thing is this desire of Immortality here on Earth in that kind of men, that this very King not long after that modest reprehension of his friend, attempted the impossibility afresh, and commanded a House to be built of all sorts of fragrant and odoriferous Trees, as *Cedar, Cypress, Camphire, &c.* The scent whereof perfumed the Air for two or three miles together. In this large and splendid Palace, was placed an ample *Bason*, to gather the soft Dew that fell, in which dew, *pearls* were every day dissolv'd, and from this rich draught the unwise King promised himself no less than Eternity on this side Heaven; But his death which soon after follow'd, manifested the folly of the attempt, and discover'd the vanity of the King, and of his *life* together.

Where men live in contempt of a better World, no marvel if they magnifie this *present life* and wish for the *longevity* of the ancient *Patriarchs*, and would be glad if they might arrive to the age of *Methuselah*, but these are sickly desires which their blind appetite causes, desires as *vain* as the life they praise, for in praising that, what do they commend but misery and calamity! and he that protracts his age to some hundreds of years, doth but protract it to labour and sorrow. Who can express the innumerable disasters, discontents, and vexitions life is subject and expos'd unto? We come *crying* into the World and go *weeping* out. The various Masters and Tutors we are forced to have while young and tender, do but make us a better sort of slaves; soon after our houses and hearts are fill'd with cares and contrivances, what we shall eat, and what we shall drink, and wherewithal we shall be cloathed! and these waste our marrow and the flame that burns in our breasts. Here an injury we receive, torments us; There a loss we sustain, afflicts us. Here our endeavours are cross'd; there our expectations disappointed. Here our hopes decay in the bud; there the most promising flower in our Garden withers. Here a friend deceives us, there an enemy pursues

us,

*Vid. Plat. in
Axioch.*

us, now a *thousand* fall at our side ; by and by *ten thousand* at our right hand, we are neither free from the *terror by night*, nor from the *arrow that flies by day* ; we have no security against the *pestilence that walks in darkness*, nor against the *destruction that wastes at noon day* ; when one trouble is over, another comes, and the wave we have passed, is seconded by another. The Messenger that brings us word, that the Oxen were plowing, and the Asses feeding besides them, and all on a sudden taken away by the *Sabeans*, hath no sooner done speaking, but another is ready to acquaint us, that the fire of God fell from heaven, and burnt up the Sheep and the Servants, and consumed them : The words are hardly out of his mouth but another tells us a sad story of the *Chaldeans*, that fell upon the Camels and carried them away, and when he hath finished his dreadful news, the fourth comes running in with a message, that a great wind from the Wilderness hath smote the four corners of the house, and that it is fallen upon our Sons and Daughters, and they are dead. He that hath escaped *perils by land*, soon is forced to make a trial of *perils by sea* ; and to a deliverance from *Robbers* succeeds a new danger from our own *Countrymen*.

*Afflicta fortuna viros per bella, per aquor,
Iras insidiasque, catenatosque labores
Mutandos semper gravioribus.*

*Job 29. 3. 6.
19. & 31. 4.*

The Candle of the Lord that shines over our heads to day, *spires*, may be, into darkness before the morrow ; and *the rivers of oil*, which the *Rocks* pour us out this hour, are turned into *streams of blood* the next ; our *root*, which now is spread out by the *waters*, by and by is dried up ; and the *dew* that lay upon our branch all night, before we are aware, changes into a *moth* to consume what we have gathered ; and he whose *glory* was fresh in him this moment, is soon forc'd to *cut up mallows by the bushes*, and *juniper roots for his meat* ; and thus the greatest contrarieties plenty and poverty, love and hatred, peace and anger, rest and trouble, quietness and rage, right and wrong, justice and injustice make up mans life ; and what is all this but
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a sea, where opposite winds continually blowing endanger the Ship, and the Passenger that is in it, and then sure this must be vanity. *Vid. Senec. consol. ad Pol. lib. c. 28.*

V. *Health*. This indeed is a *Jewel* which men pass great commendations on, but it's *inconstancy* shews it's *vanity*, and he that trusts to it, relies but on a *broken reed*, on a *Sceptre of glass*, and will soon be convinced, that like *April weather* it's dashed and changed in the twinkling of an eye. If it be true what the Poet says, That of all creatures Nature hath produced, there is nothing so weak and tender, and infirm as man, he hath but small encouragement to glory in his strength: When a draught of drink can discompose him, when a Fly can choak him, when a puff of pestilential air can cause a Civil War in his constitution, when the least disorder can unsettle him, how little reason hath he to boast of the harmony and agreement of humours in his body? How should he continue sound long that hath so many enemies within, and without him, to shatter his earthly Tabernacle into dust and atoms? Nothing for ought I see deceives the unwary sinner more than his state of health, this tempts him to offer violence to his nature, and run out into extravagancies, and because he feels no distemper for the present, he flatters himself with a perpetual freedom from it, goes on in his *debauches*, and while he pleases himself, that his nature is made of *iron*, he finds, when it is too late, that it is weaker than *clay*, and thus precipitates himself into perpetual groans; one would think he is *weary* of his health, and *tired* with continuing so long without a change; one would think he hath his health given him for no other use, but to shorten it, and that he finds pleasure in having it *checkered* with diseases. *Homer.*

Indeed Health is a thing of so nice a contexture, and heat and cold must be mingled and tempered to that degree, and the *Scales* must hang so even, that we may justly wonder, that so many men enjoy it, and that they enjoy it so long as they do. What can we judge of so curious a frame, in which so many slender wheels and veins do move, but that the least jog should put the Clock out of order, and spoil the musick, which is so

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pleasing

pleasing and ravishing to the ear ? There is but a *paper wall* betwixt health and sickness, and how soon may that wall be broken down, and the fair *Summers morning* turned into *clouds and tempests* ?

How have I known men hug themselves for carrying a sound mind in a sounder body, and what care have they taken to preserve it ! They have ransacked Nature for restoratives, forced Metals into Spirits, dissolved Minerals into Antidotes, distill'd Herbs and Plants into a quintessence ; pounded Pearls into Powder, used themselves to such a diet, eaten their meat by weight, avoided the coldness of the air, shun'd those dishes that might tempt them to a surfeit. But alas ! in despite of all their care, maugre all the preventing Medicines they have used, how hath a distemper they neither feared, nor dreamed of, seiz'd on their limbs, and deliver'd them up to the *King of terrors*, and unexpectedly sent them to their *long home*, from whence there is no returning ?

Meer fancy sometimes breeds diseases, and the sight of a disfigured face causes an illness, which brings as great a disfigurement upon the spectator ; if we may believe men that have made observations of that nature, the very looking on sore eyes will cause an inflammation in our own, and sitting on the seats of persons diseased will bring the same distemper into our bones ; and how many are the daily accidents which crush the healthiest bodies into the greatest pain and anguish ! How doth death arrest a *Samson* with all his vigour and fortitude about him, and how little is sickness afraid to enter into rooms where the various odours seem to be intended as spells to keep out the Enemy : so that it may be said of health, as of *Jonas's Gourd*, it comes up in a night, and perishes in a night, *Jon. 4. 10.* and those with whom it continues longer, are every hour in danger of losing it.

VI. *Children.* See how the *fond* Parent dotes on those *Pictures*, and how enamoured he is with those *Representatives* of his person ! one would think he had found out something that will satisfy the great soul of man, and lighted upon that which
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can give an immortal spirit true and solid satisfaction. See how he views these *lively images* of himself, as if he had eyes for no other use but to look on them, and how his soul seems to be bound up with theirs! But while his sparkling eyes convey, and shoot all their rays on these Darlings of his affections, grim death, unmannerly as it is, a stranger to respect of persons, steps in, marrs all his triumphs, and snatches the Fondlings out of his hands.

How have I seen a tender Mother carry her Babe in her arms, feed him with her breasts, dandle him in her lap, and embrace the comely boy with a love as strong as death, and which many waters cannot quench! she breeds him up, watches his steps, her eyes are over him, and like the Angels of God, she preserves him in all his ways, and with his age her affection grows, and she is concern'd for his welfare, she studies how to advance him, plots how to make him great, rejoyses to hear her Neighbours speak in commendations of him: And now the Lad being grown up, and understanding what the tenderness of a Mother means, the Mother justly expects some returns answerable to the mighty expressions of her love: but we see too often that when all these pains are taken, and all this industry and care is bestow'd, and the kind Mother hopes that the measure of his love to her will be *good measure press'd, and shaken together, and running over*; behold the inhumane wretch, Viper-like, preys upon the bowels that did feed and nourish him, grows surly to her that bare him, and it is not all her *fire* that can kindle any reciprocal *flames* in his breast; and thus he that was expected to have been her greatest *comfort*, proves her *scourge*, and the *staff* that in her old age was to *support* her, turns into a *Serpent* to *biss* at her, and to *sting* her. He whom she look'd upon as her *glory*, becomes her *shame*; and he whom once she did *rejoyce* in, brings her down with sorrow into her grave. And this it's like *Eve* had experienc'd in her eldest Son *Cain*, and therefore when *Abel* was born she call'd him *vanity*, for that's the true import of the name, *Gen.* 4. 2.

Augustus at last is forced to put that Daughter from his sight whom formerly he look'd upon with a favourable eye, and her lewdness makes him hate that name which once he delighted in. *Abfolom*, formerly his Fathers Darling, at last invades his Crown and Scepter, and the indulgent Prince lives to see that Son he doted on, attempt his life, and defile his Bed. And suppose the kind Son with *Coriolanus* doth that for his Mother, which neither the Peoples *tears*, nor the Senators *prayers* could effect, and with *Cotta* rescues his Father from death, yet the losses, reproach, disgrace, and disasters which often befall even the most dutiful and best natur'd Children make wounds in their Parents breasts. And thus these *certain cares* and *uncertain comforts* by the instability and mutability of their condition proclaim to the world, that they are but Vanity.

And having thus with as much brevity as the subject would bear, led you to a prospect of the vanity, the creature is involv'd in, I must not dismiss you without some practical reflections.

We see how necessary Illumination of Gods holy Spirit is in matters of Religion; without it the generality of men *Ixion*-like, embrace a Cloud for *Juno*, and are so far from seeing vanity in the creature, that they do securely build *Tabernacles* here, and make the creature their highest and their chiefest good, which was only intended for *stairs* to raise them into contemplation of the glory, and goodness, and power of their Maker. This irradiation from above, the consequent of earnest prayers, clarifies the mind, dispels the clouds and mists that are upon it, teaches the Soul to examine the inside of things, as well as the outside, and by that means to discover the cheat, if there be any in the alluring object; and where this day-spring doth not visit the mind, men must necessarily continue in ignorance and folly, and call darkness light, and light darkness, and count that gold which is nothing but gilded brass, and look upon that as satisfactory to their souls, which indeed leaves them empty and destitute of proper food. It's for want of these beams, which he may be blessed withal, if he will but open the door, and let

let them in. It's for want of admitting these heavenly beams, I say, that the Drunkard, the Lascivious, the Proud, the Glutton laughs at the Preacher discoursing of vanity, because he sees not with our eyes, and his intellect is not so clear as ours; therefore he thinks that *vanity* a fable: and how should he perceive it, whose eyes of understanding are not enlightned into contemplation and observation of the nature, quality, imperfection, and insufficiency of all sublunary objects: So that we may speak our spirits away into the Air, and read all *Solomon's Ecclesiastes* to him, and we do but talk to him as we do to a blind man of Colours, he hears our notions, but like *empty notions* they go in at one ear, and out at another.

Vanity, saith the Sinner! I know nothing that's more solid, more pleasing, or more charming, than those Riches, and Honours, and Pleasures, and the other comforts you *brand* with an odious name. These are things I can grasp and feel, and I know the satisfaction they will afford, my eyes see how happy these things make the men that can creep out of dust, and advance themselves above the common Level; I have not seen that glorious Eternity you speak of, nor was I ever wrapt up with Saint *Paul* into Paradise; I never took a view of those spiritual Crowns and Scepters, you talk of. Shall I leave a certain satisfaction for I know not what? for a thing uncertain and out of sight? These outward conveniences I see must help me in distress; and if I hope for ease and content, it must arise from these. It's not a Notion I can feed upon; and I may starve if I have nothing but your spiritual food to rely on. It's the World, as you call it, that must refresh, maintain, and feed me: And it's but reason it should have my choicest thoughts and affections: And do you charge that with Vanity, which alone deserves my industry and care?

And dost thou talk like a man of reason, Sinner? If a Beast could speak, would not this be his language? Hath God given thee no higher faculties? Hath not he endow'd thee with nobler desires? Are these outward Goods indeed the things thou chusest for thy treasure? How brutish is thy Soul, that thou canst fancy any proportion betwixt that and the Creature! Hast thou
a soul

a soul capable of grasping a God, and dost thou run into the embraces of an Idol? Thy soul wants an Everlasting object; and are these the things that will endure for ever? Thy soul must have an all-sufficient Being in her arms! and are these *Butterflies*, that perish in the handling, fit to ingross thy affections? Thy Soul must have an Anchor that can give it rest, and will these thorns and bryars do it? Thy Soul must have an individual companion that will never leave it nor forsake it, and will these deceitful props stand by it at the great Tribunal? Thy Soul must have a friend that must conduct it to Everlasting Mansions, and will these miserable comforters, that shake hands with it at the brink of Eternity, serve for guides?

Rouse, rouse thy slumbering Soul, vain Man, and let not thine eyes be always shut. Thy blindness is not incurable; if thou wilt not stand in thine own light, thou maist see through all these shadows, and burst these entanglements. There is certainly Vanity in the Creature, and God will discover it to thee, if thou wilt but call upon him with the same earnestness that blind *Bartimeus* used to Christ Jesus. God is pleased with the cry of him that longs to be deliver'd from his misery. O the wonderful difference that is betwixt an illuminated and darkned understanding! One *pities* the Creature, the other *admires* it; one looks upon it with *tears* in his eyes, the others heart *leaps* at the sight of it for *joy*; one *uses* it soberly, the other *gluts* himself with it; one sees so much of its weakness as *drives* him from this barren Wilderness to make his nest among the stars of Heaven, the other so *adores* its beauty that he can be contented to sweat and toil, and labour in its service for ever; one *salutes* it as a stranger, the other *embraces* it as a wife; one *looks* beyond it, the other *fixes* his eyes upon it as if he were in an ecstasie.

So great a difference doth Illumination make; and indeed without it, you must needs continue strangers to God's designs and your own duty; you walk in the dark and see not how the Devil imposes upon you, how your Lusts cheat you, and how the World cozens you, how far you run from Heaven, and how near the burning Lake you come; you run on blindly upon Eternity,

nity, and delude your selves with a few formalities of Religion, you know not how the case stands betwixt God and your own souls, and cannot avoid falling into errors; you prepare for endless sorrows, and make way for bitter, though vain lamentations at last: *O that I had known in my day what belonged unto my peace! but it was hid from mine eyes*: You delay your conversion, because you know not the great importance of it, and make light of that which, were your eyes but open'd, would make you tremble to think what pains you have taken to procure your own ruine.

II. *Men, Fathers, and Brethren*, If you do believe that the Creature is subject to Vanity, let me intreat you to act like men, that do believe it. Let your faith be known by your works, and let's but see you live like persons that do despise this Vanity and seek a better World. When the primitive Christians (*O happy, O blessed times!*) gave out that they look'd upon this World as vain and transitory, their enemies saw that they were in good earnest when they said so, for they saw them forget what was behind them, and press towards the mark for the high prize of God's calling in Christ Jesus. They saw it, and thought them mad. They saw how they fled from the satisfactions of this World into flames, as if those were the *fiery chariots*, they were proud to *ride* to Heaven in.

Their faith lay not in talking, and as they believed the Creature to be subject to vanity, so they raised their thoughts from Earth to Heaven, and lived as much above the World as mortality would give them leave. They made no more of the honors and preferments of this life, when inconsistent with God's honor and a good conscience, than they did of glasses and rattles, and the Prince that offered them riches to be enamour'd with Vanity as much as he, was repuls'd this *Heroick answer*; Offer these things to Children, and not to Christians.

They made their houses *Oratories*, and their dwelling-places were but so many Churches, where you might hear the praises of God resounding day and night. The husband-man that follow'd his Plough, fancied himself in Heaven, and sung Psalms

as cheerfully as if he had been placed in the Quire of Angels : The injuries they suffer'd for the testimony of Jesus, they smiled at, and they that had an incorruptible Crown to look after, justly thought it below them to be concern'd at the slanders and reproaches of a poor envious World; as if Heaven had been the Countrey from which they had been banish'd, and which they hoped they should be shortly restored unto, they made all the provision they could for it, secured the riches of another World, and bestowed a great part of their goods on Christ's distressed members, because they knew they should find them again after a few years in Heaven : They believ'd Christ's promises, and looking upon him as the Son of God, they had as great a confidence that they should be recompenced in the Resurrection of the just, as if they had the reward already in their hands.

They could keep a calm and serene mind under the wars and tumults of this world; and while men raged about them, they fed upon peace of conscience, and joy in the Holy Ghost. They used the World as if they used it not, and one might see that they had practically learnt the great Lesson, *You cannot serve God and Mammon*. This Earth they looked upon as a desert, and their perpetual wishes were, *When shall we come to appear before God in Sion!* The great things of this World, which their Heathen neighbours magnified, they made light of; and well might they renounce the glories of this Earth, when they were assured from the Word of God that they had a greater inheritance laid up for them in God's Paradise. They regarded not the censures of their carnal friends and relations, and were contented to be made a spectacle to the World, and to Angels, and to Men. They rejoiced when they could express their love to Christ, and were troubled when the World made any encroachment upon their affections. They denied themselves in all superfluities, that they might have the more to give to pious uses; nay, would not allow themselves conveniencies, that they might be in a better capacity to cloath the Naked. They stooped to the meanest offices, and were not ashamed to converse with men of the lowest rank, as with Brethren. They laid aside their *grandeur*, to obey
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the precepts of the Gospel, and would not suffer any outward respects to take them off from a close adherence to God's will. They would visit Hospitals, and with their own hands dress meat for them that lay upon the bed of Languishing. This World seem'd so contemptible to them, that they prayed day and night to be deliver'd from it; and it might be truly said of them, that the World was *crucified* unto them, and they unto the World; And thus they despis'd the *vanity* of these sublunary objects, and by despising, *believ'd* it.

Disparage not your great immortal Souls, Beloved Hearers; they are capable of another happiness than this World can afford; and when God hath provided for them Angels food, and bread of Heaven, why should you feed them with trash and hulks to impoverish and weaken them for ever?

Arise *Christians*, and depart, for here is not your Rest. Advance into yonder regions of Bliss, and live there where you may hope to live for ever. Let the World be your Slave, and God your only Master. Let it not be said that your Souls are subject to Vanity as well as your Bodies, and do something to convince the World that you dare to have your conversation in Heaven. The Creature was made subject unto Vanity, on purpose that you might flee away from it, and breath after a more solid good. Will you do less than Pagans? Will you fall short of Men that never heard the Gospel? Will you sink beneath those that never had any other light but what the glimmering Candle of Nature gave them? Can you see *Philosophers* condemn this Vanity, and dare you be in love with it? Shall a *Diogenes*, to shew how little these things, which sensual men admire, ought to be valued, take as much delight in his *Tub*, as *Xerxes* in his *Babylon*, and in *dry bread*, as much as *Smindyrides* in his *saucers*; in ordinary *spring-water*, as much as *Cambyses* in his *richer fountains*; in common *sun-shine*, as much as *Sardanapalus* in his *purple*; in his *staff*, as much as *Alexander* in his *spear*; and in his *Mallet*, as much as *Cresus* in his *treasures*? Shall a

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Pagan look on these outward glories as unworthy of his affections, and will you suffer yours to be entangled with them? Shall a *Plato*, a *Socrates*, an *Agesslaus*, a *Spartan*, look upon these outward things as dross and dung, trample them under his feet, look upon them between anger and scorn, and think it below a Creature made after the image of God, to dote on Earth, and dust; and can you that pretend to have *learn'd Christ*, and pretend to be followers of the humble self-denying *Jesus*, come behind Heathens, whom you call Blind and Wretched? Will not they be your Judges one day? Will not their temperance and abstinence condemn your greediness after these perishable objects? Will not they shame you, that did more by the *strength of nature*, than you with all the *encouragements of the Holy Ghost*? Will not this aggravate your neglect, and change your *Rods* into *Scorpions*? Will not this make your furnace hotter? Will not this fill your faces with greater confusion? Will God let your unprofitableness under the richest means of grace go unpunish'd? And doth the clearest manifestation of Heaven add no weight to your guilt and stubborness? If you turn the grace of God into wantonness, will God play with it, do you think, as you do? It was a *Mahometan King*, could cause the following words to be written upon the Gates of his *Pleasure-house*, and the story saith his Life was answerable to the grave Sentences. *This World will not continue long; it's pride and lustre will soon be gone. Remember, Brother, and apply thy heart to him, who only intended this World for our Inn. Let not thy life be united to this bitter-sweet, for it hath drawn in many; first jested with them, and then butchered them. If thy Soul can but come away from her prison, pure and undefiled, and reach the Mark, it's no great matter whether thou diest on a Throne, or on a Dung-hill.*

*Vid. Olear.
Rosar. pers.
lib. 1, c. 2.*

O Christians, delude not your own souls, God is resolved they shall be withdrawn from this world while you live here, or they shall never arrive to the inheritance of the Saints in light : God is resolved they shall be loosened from this Earth,
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even in the midst of your strength, and health, and plenty, and liberty, or they shall never ascend his *Holy Hill*. Away then with those fond conceits that glue your hearts to things below. Let God be the great and dear object of your souls. Let the rivers of your delight run all into that *Ocean*. For him spend your strength, your labour, and your care. Make room for him in your hearts, and whatever hath had supremacy or priority there, pull it down, and shew it the ruler it must for the time to come obey. Breath after another Country where true and lasting pleasures are, where the presence of God makes hearts chearful, and ravishes souls for ever; where the society of Angels gives content, and endless bliss shuts out all imperfection and vanity; and as they say of *Boleslaus* King of *Poland*, that he used to wear his Fathers Picture in his bosom, and whenever he was to do any thing of moment, he pull'd out the Picture, lookt upon it, and begg'd of God that he might do nothing unworthy of so great, so good, so wise a Father: so you, let the *Land-skip* of that celestial Country hang always before your eyes, and whatever you are doing, whether you are rising or sitting down, whether you are walking or standing, whether you are travelling or conversing with men, still look upon that *Portraiture*, and let this be your resolution to do nothing unworthy of that Heaven you are aiming at.

And then when you come to die, and no friend, no relation, no acquaintance, no riches, no honours, no children can give you ease; this remembrance, that your mind hath been endeavouring to extricate it self from the *vanity of the creature*, and that you have lived like persons, that have indeed looked for a City which hath foundations; this remembrance I say will give you ease, this will make you die with joy at the *kiss of God*, as the *Jews* say of *Moses*, and enable you to triumph over death, O *Death where is thy sting!* O *Grave where is thy victory!* But thanks be to God, that gives us the victory through our Lord *Jesus Christ*.

III. The Creature is made subject unto vanity; but what shall we say to those, that subject the creature to greater vanity than

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ever it was condemn'd to. The Idolater, that melts his *Gold*, and makes a *God* of it, as the *Israelites* in the Wilderness, breaks down the limits of that vanity, outdoes *Adam* that was the occasion of it; nay, goes beyond the *Judg*, that doom'd that Gold to corruption. The Creatures labour under vanity enough, because they cannot serve us in that innocence and integrity we once stood in, but to abuse them, now they are under a state of misery, and to force them to serve us in our sins, is a bondage which will bear witness against the daring sinner in that day, when God shall judge the secrets of mens hearts by the Gospel of Jesus. Sinner, that wine thou abusest to besot thy understanding *suffers violence* from thee; thou dost *ravish* it serve thy lusts, and it groans as it were under thy oppression, and thou makest it vainer than Heaven ever made it. God made it serviceable to thy infirmity, and intended it as a remedy against the weakness of thy nature; but when thou swallowest it to destroy thy nature, to throw down the *ἡγεμονικόν*, that which must guide thy actions, and shed discretion into thy speeches and converse; forcest it to make thee a beast, and leave nothing in thee but the brutal part, indeed scarce to leave thee sense and appetite; thou dost offer greater insolence to it than *Amnon* did to *Thamar*.

Surely every man is vanity, saith the Psalmist, *Psal. 39. 11.* But he that tempts his neighbour to run with him into excess of riot, Makes him worse than vanity; the Adulterer and Fornicator, that is restless till he hath carested his Mistress, as he calls her, to consent to his folly; The ill companion that solicits his associates to be lewd and prophane with him: such persons make the creature so vain, that a devout soul cannot but stand amazed at the enterprize: vain indeed, for they double and treble its misery; and he that entices his friend into sin, makes him besides his vanity a *creature of the Devil*. The man before this sin was born to trouble as the *sparks fly upward*, but the sin he is drawn into makes his burden greater, increases his load, and makes his *pound* of vanity, a *talent*, and as if his weakness and frailty here on earth were too little, sinks him into *Hell*, and as if the curse of God.

God of old were too light a punishment, makes him obnoxious to Gods everlasting malediction.

And such men must necessarily be of the first form in the Devils Kingdom ; for these make Devils, help to increase the number of the *Fiends*, and are *Familiars*, that make men sinck with them into endless torments.

The Covetous, who confines his money to his Chest, and makes that lie still in his Coffers, which like *blood* should have its *circulation*, and as it is given him from *Heaven*, should return to *Heaven* again by way of *charity*, and doing good, seems to be angry with God for giving that Creature so *small a touch* of vanity ; and therefore as if God had not made it frail enough, makes himself Gods Officer, renders the *Dye* deeper, *drowns* it in misery, and inflicts vanity upon it with a witness, and Gods little finger he makes heavier than his loyns, for he *wants* in the midst of *plenty*, and is *indigent*, while he knows not how to consume that which he hath already : and this vanity increases if extortion and oppression joyn with it, and tempt hm to wade through Orphansteares, and Widows blood, through the necessities of the Fatherless, and through the cries and lamentations of the needy, to make his heap much greater ; and certainly, if the Creature is to be purged from its *vanity by fire*, it's but reason his body should be the fewel, who hath loaded the Creature with so much vanity and misery, and against Gods will and order too. His stripes will be justly doubled, for his sin was so, and he deserves to be punished, both for his *cruelty* and *disobedience*. The Scripture excludes such men from the Kingdom of Heaven, and good reason, for they are so given to vanity, that they would attempt to make Gods *Joys* and *Hallelujahs* so.

IV. In the *vanity of the Creature*, let us behold our own, and whenever we take a view of the decay of terrestrial glories, and see day *die* into night, and Summer into Winter, one hour, one moment into another, and herbs and plants shed their blossoms, let us reflect upon our own death and departure hence. The *Stoicks* were in the right, when they defined *Philosophy* or *Religion* to be a *Meditation of death*. He that is frequently ex-
gaged.

gaged in such meditations, embitters his sensual delights, crushes his fondness of the world, dares not live in those sins which other men allow themselves in, and takes the readiest way to overcome himself; for how should he be enamoured with earth that looks upon himself as leaving of it! and what delight can he take in the laughter of fools, or in jovial company, that expects every hour to be summon'd to the Bar of Christ! how should he set his heart upon his *Farm and Oxen*, that looks every moment to be call'd to give an account of his Stewardship, and knows not how soon the *Arch-Angels Trumpet* will sound, and the Judg of Quick and Dead awaken the world with his thundering voice, *Arise ye dead, and come to judgment*. This even the Heathens were so sensible of, that the *Egyptians*, as every man knows, had a *Skeleton*, or Death's head set on amidst their greatest dainties, and at their greatest Feasts, to check vain mirth, and to put their Guests in mind, what they were shortly to come to. This made the Patriarchs of old dig their Sepulchers in their Gardens, while their glory was yet fresh in them, that neither the pleasure of a Garden, nor their business might take them off from a continual contemplation of mortality. This made others order their Winding-sheet to be carried before them; others command their Servants to call to them every night they went to bed, *That their life was spent*; for their going to sleep they looked upon to be but a kind of going to their Graves.

And indeed he that thus thinks of death, cannot be surprized when it comes, for it is but what he look'd for, and when it knocks at his Chamber door he can let it in, and embrace it as a welcome Messenger with *Simeon*, *Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation*.

V. In the *vanity of the Creature*, let us take notice of the odiousness of sin, and it's large demerits; when God for mans sin hath subjected the Creature unto vanity, it shews what an abhorrency he hath from sinful actions, and how displeased he is with transgression of his Laws, in that he confines not the punishment to Man alone, but extends it to the Creatures, or to his Servants too.

To the generality of men sin seems but an inconsiderable thing, and they fancy God to be altogether such a one as themselves; they will not believe that sin hath that poison in it, which all true penitents find, nor that there is that Hell in it, when ever the Conscience awakes, which *Cain*, and *Saul*, and *Judas* found. They apprehend God childishly merciful, and because he knows their frame forsooth, that they are frail and weak, he cannot be angry with them for not observing his injunctions. They make him a Being without justice, and though they could wish he would revenge their quarrel, whenever they receive any signal affront of their neighbours, yet they would not have him revenge their ingratitude to him, and because they would not have him angry with them, therefore they believe he will not; and from their loose behaviour infer his good nature, and please themselves with thinking that he will overlook their wilful errors, because their nature abhors every thing that looks like pain and torment.

But these fancies, Sinner, are so far from extenuating, that they but aggravate thy folly. Alas! it is not thy unwillingness to suffer that will allay Gods wrath, nor thy tenderness to thy self that will make him express less hatred and indignation against thee. If unwillingness to endure pain were a sufficient bar to justice, what Malefactor would be put to death? and if this plea will not serve on Earth, sure I am it will be insignificant in the Court of Heaven; and as light as sin seems now, there will a time come when it will be weightier than *Rocks* and *Mountains*. Though thou losest the sense of it, yet God doth not forget the dishonour done unto him by it; and when the monstrous load sunk the Son of God, and pressed him that was infinite into a sweat of blood, and made the immortal die: think what a pressure it will be for thy impenitent soul (for from such Christ hath not taken away Gods anger) when the whole burden shall be thrown upon thee at the Revelation of the righteous judgment of God.

VI. Doth the whole Creation hope to be deliver'd from her bondage? Then lift up your heads, ye *mourners of Sion*, and learn

learn to imitate the Creature in its hope. Doth the Creation as it were support it self with this hope from sinking into its primitive *Chaos*, and cannot this hope of your everlasting deliverance keep your hearts from fainting under the darkest providences? *Behold the Husbandman waits for the precious fruit of the Earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and the latter rain, Jac. 5. 7.* You sow in tears now, the day will come when you shall reap in joy! It's but a little while, and he that shall come, will come: The hope of a Kingdom keeps a captive Prince from murmuring, and should not the hopes of that Kingdom which fades not away, *bear up your spirits against despair?* Have you fought the good fight so long, and will you give over now? Are you within reach of the Crown, and will you lay down your weapons? Are you within sight of the Haven, and will you suffer shipwrack? Behold that Jesus, who was dead and is alive, and is the King of the Princes of the Earth, is hastening to your rescue; you'll see him ere long coming in the clouds of Heaven, and all his holy Angels with him, your afflictions then will all be changed into Eternal Freedom, your waters of *Marah* into rivers of delight, which make glad the City of God, your prison into perfect liberty, your Lions Den into a Palace, your fiery Furnace into the light of God's countenance, your Dungeon into Heaven, your poverty into plenty, your sickness into Eternal health, your losses into solid possessions, your shackles into kisses, your fetters into the kindest embraces, your bryars into glory, your thorns into a Crown.

O joyful day, when this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality, and your rags be changed into splendid robes! Who would not suffer a while to enter into that rest! Who would be afraid of being destitute, tormented, afflicted, when these storms are all to expire into Eternal Sunshine! *The Spirit and the Bride, say, Come; and let him that hears, say, Come; Even so, Come Lord Jesus!*

Having thus led you from the *Creature* to the *Creator*, I must crave leave to lead you back again from the *Creator* to the *Creature*, viz. To the party deceased. And here I could wish

I were able to give you that account of her Life and deportment, which in all probability you expect upon this occasion; But when I shall have told you, that it was not my happiness to be acquainted with her before she died, you'll soon pardon my silence in her Commendations; And yet I dare not be so injurious to her Memory, as to conceal the Character, which those that knew her intimately, were pleas'd to give of her. Her Piety it seems was great and early, and her Soul *big* with Devotion in an Age which is expos'd to the greatest Temptations. What *Solomon* learn'd by sad experience in his latter years, she practis'd in the days of her youth; and the fear of God which he found to be the only true happiness, when he had run through all the risks of sin, she embrac'd before she had tasted any of the Worlds pleasures. She no sooner came to years of discretion, but she saw that her greatest interest lay in loving God, and understood that to remember her Creator, before the evil days do come, was the greatest prudence and policy. As young as she was, her eyes were fix'd upon a better World, and it was hard to say which had her greatest care, God's glory, or her own Salvation. Her affection to Goodness appear'd in her, when Vice begins to flourish in other persons, and she began to shoot out buds of Grace, when others look upon't as a piece of necessity to run out into Sin and Vanity. The Word of God was the food, her Soul delighted in, and she thought no provision comparable to the Bread of Life, which feeds men into Eternal content and satisfaction. She had learn'd, that God was one that did hear Prayers, and to address her self to him, was not the least part of her employment. In these tender years she was already arriv'd to that knowledge, which Philosophers formerly attained not unto, till they were grown aged, and was become Mistress of the greatest virtues at a time, when others are apt to laugh at strictness and severity as a melancholy humor. She had already learn'd to scorn reproaches for Righteousness sake, and did clearly apprehend that her greatest glory must be Religion and God's favour. At those years when others hardly know what Heaven means, she had already felt it in her Soul, and she could guess at what Angels did above by her praising and magnifying the

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beauty and bounty of her Maker. The fruits of the Spirit which are not seen in others before fifty, appeared in her at eighteen, and the joys of the Holy Ghost, which are not counted *modish* till fourscore, became familiar to her, as soon as her reason began to exert it self into action. She had already practised to lay up her treasure in Heaven, and as if she had foreknown her death, she made preparation for it at a time, when others make provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof.

What would this Plant have come to, if it had grown up to its full height and stature, and how glorious would this Tree have been, if it had been permitted to spread its branches like the *Cedars* in *Lebanon*. She that did already, like *Aarons rod*, bud and blossom, and bear fruit; how rich would the fruit have been, if it had been warm'd some years longer by the Sun of Righteousness! But the flower was too costly for this valley of tears, and the soil here below too coarse for this curious Plant to thrive in; God therefore cropt it to transplant it into Paradise, and withdrew it from the eyes of men, because it was a fitter spectacle for Angels.

F I N I S.



Some Books Printed for *James Collins.*

THe Duke of Albermarl's *Compleat Body of Military Discipline*, Fol.

The Great Law of Consideration in order to a Serious Life, by Anthony Horneck Preacher at the Savoy, Octavo.

Essays on several Important Subjects in Philosophy and Religion, by Joseph Glanvil Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, Quarto.

Two Discourses, viz. *A Discourse of Truth* by Dr. Rult, Lord Bishop of Dromore in the Kingdom of Ireland, and *the way of Happynefs and Salvation rescued from vulgar Errors*, by Joseph Glanvil Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, Twelves.

Bishop Wards Sermons before the King, and other occasions, Oct.

Doctor Parkers Answer to Marvel, Oct.

Bishop Bramhall's Vindication of the Church of England, Oct.

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